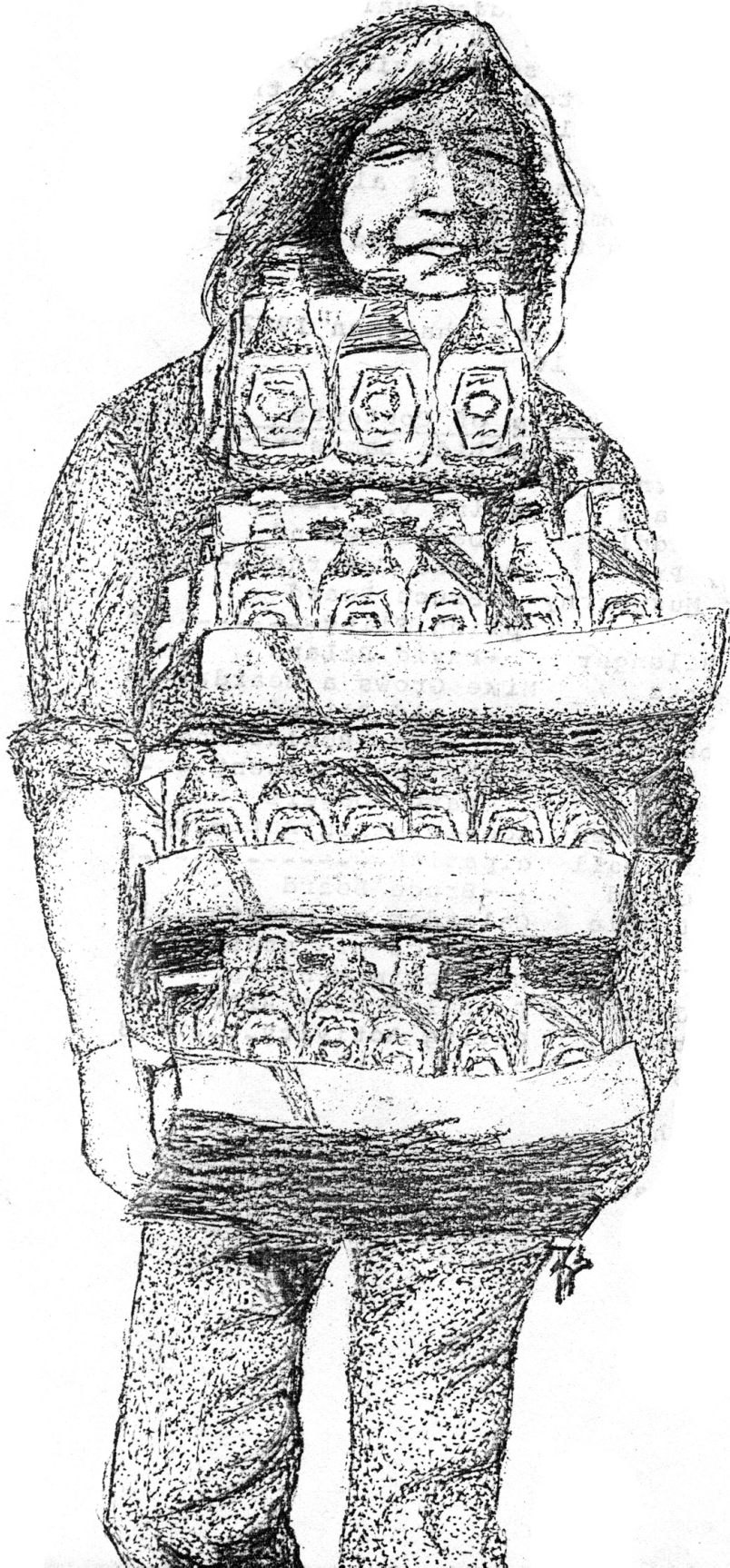


Madison University Student Grotto Quarterly Journal



GETTING READY FOR
OLD TIMER'S REUNION!

April 1982

Volume 2, #1

STATE OF THE GROTTO ADDRESS

This semester & next year the Cave Club has a lot of things to do. We will be submitting a bid for the 1982 NSS Convention, we will be hosting Fall 82 VAR and next fall we will be getting a lot of new members. Right now we need to concentrate on finishing individual membership requirements and just doing some good ol fashion caving. I hope everyone gets a chance to do some caving over the summer and we all need to keep in touch. Lots of things will be happening next fall with Old Timer's Reunion, Pig Roast, Fall Ball, and Banquet. I expect we will see a revision of the membership requirements. I also expect that dues will be lowered by a small amount. We all need to get that team spirit and make this club the best it can be. See ya'll next fall.

-Mike Artz - Chairman 1982
MUSG #10

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Published Apr, July, Oct, Jan.
Submit articles to Mike Arts,
P.O. 167, JMU, Harrisonburg,
22807. Subscription rate =
\$4/year. Will exchange with
other clubs on request.
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A LOOK AT CARBIDE LAMPS

Carbide lamps are the fussiest piece of caving gear you will ever own. Fortunately they are also the most dependable light source you could ever use as a caver. They will work in most any situation. Some advantages for using a carbide lamp are:

(1) The lamp is a very dependable light source in the average cave environment. Its construction is simple and relatively idiot-proof. (2) The initial cost of the lamp is low (about \$20) and spare parts are both abundant and cheap. (3) A carbide lamp puts out a good beam of light for about three hours before refueling is necessary. Refueling is quick and easy. Carbide is added to the bottom and water is added to the top of the lamp. Enough carbide for 24 hours of light can easily be carried into any cave. (4) It is a source of flame and heat, but beware, the heat can pose a hazard to nylon verticle gear. The heat can also provide warmth to a freezing caver in a wet crawlway.

The carbide lamp is a very simple design. To prepare the lamp for operation begin by filling the top chamber about half full. It is not necessary to fill the water chamber to the top as the water will only leak through the cap with movement. Next fill the lower chamber about $1/2$ - $2/3$ capacity. Carbide expands when used. This expansion could cause the bottom of the lamp to develop cracks if too much carbide is filled into the container at once. $1/2$ - $2/3$ full will allow you plenty of light life.

With the lamp still apart, adjust the valve control so that water is dripping out of the water valve at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 seconds per droplet. Before reassembling the lamp, make sure you have a gasket. This keeps the flame from popping out between the two main lamp parts. If a flame still breaks out around the gasket, tighten the bottom more securely, or, replace the gasket.

The water dripping down from the top chamber, reacts with the carbide to produce acetylene gas. The gas rises to the top of the carbide chamber and passes through the felt which strains the gas from any spent carbide that might splatter against the felt. The gas then passes through the tip where it is burned off the same as an oil well except on a much smaller scale. The reflector on the lamp has two functions: (1) To reflect outward and away from the lamp, light produced by the flame, and (2) To provide a place to hold the lighter.

Here is a detailed list of the problems associated with the operation of a carbide lamp.

CARBIDE LAMP TROUBLE SHOOTING CHART

Lamp will not light	<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Striker assembly may be wet. Flint may be worn. Replace if necessary.2. Do you need to change carbide and add water? Refill if necessary.3. Felt may be worn or brittle. Replace if necessary.4. Tip may be clogged.5. Water valve may be clogged. If water does not drip, blow through filler cap to unclog.6. Gasket may be cracked or worn. Replace if necessary or tighten the base.7. Vent hole in water door may be clogged.8. Check for holes in lamp.
Lamp lights but burns irregularly	<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Tip may be damaged or clogged.2. Felt may be wet. A sign of this is water dripping out of the tip. Dry or replace felt.3. Refill carbide and water if needed.4. Clean water valve for full dripping.
Flame around gasket	<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Inspect gasket, threads, seats. Clean if dirty, replace gasket if worn or cracked. Screw bottom on tightly.
Flame burns around tip or burns at an angle	<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Dirt in tip. Clean it.2. Check for dirt in tip seat, reseal tip.3. Tip may not fit good in seat. Change tips or push it in tighter.4. Replace the tip with a new one.
Water flow cannot be regulated	<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. You have big problems! Water valve needs to be resoldered to be tightened. One sign of this is that the water valve can't be turned completely off.
Water spurts from filler cap	<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Decrease flow of water into carbide chamber.2. Don't put so much water in the water chamber you dummy!

SOME TIPS

A good lamp is one that is cleaned after every trip and checked before each trip.

--A good item to use to clean your reflector is toothpaste. It has abrasives in it.

--Spare parts to carry include a spare tip, felt, flint, and a gasket. Also carry a tip cleaner and a pair of pliers.

--You will get a longer flame if you ream your tip with a tip reamer no more than half the length of the reamer. If you have reamed your tip too much, the reflector will soot up and the flame will be about 6 inches long!

--The best way to clean a clogged water valve is to use your tip cleaner to remove the spent carbide and mud from the bottom of the valve. Then blow and suck through the water door on the top of the lamp until the water valve is open.

--The easiest way to set your water flow is to adjust your valve control so that one drop of water falls every 1 1/2 to 2 seconds.

--The average charge of carbide lasts 2 1/2 to 3 hours.

--You should always carry at least three sources of light, including the carbide lamp. Other sources include flashlights, candles, lighters, matches, cyalume lightsticks, and spare carbide lamps. Be sure that you check each source of light before entering each cave to be sure they work. That is, if you can test them.

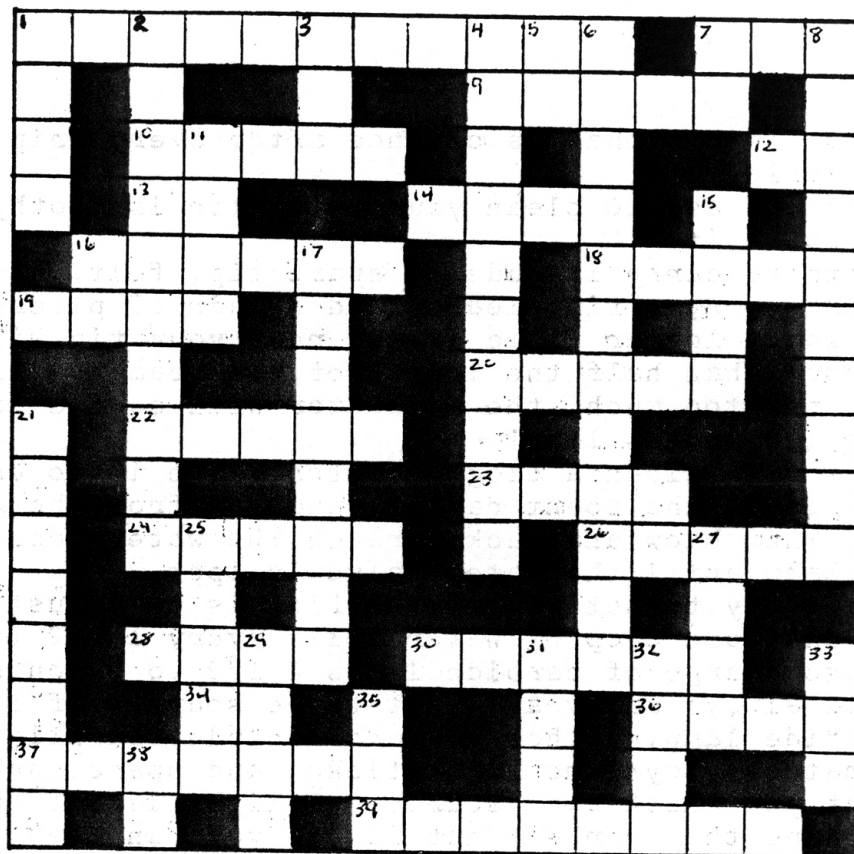
--When you take the carbide lamp test, make sure you offer the membership chairman a cold beer for extra points. We've all got weaknesses!

--Mike Artz, membership chairman

Spring VAR

On the twenty-third of April Katy Kahle, Barb Huffman, Vicki Liddle, David DeLand, and Jamie Reep all crammed themselves into Jamie's Gramlin for a six hour ride to Spring VAR in Abingdon, VA. After rest stops at every roadside station on 81 and a stop at Radford U. we reached the campground. After registering and setting up camp we started a fire which eventually attracted a massive group from VPI. After a few hours we kicked them out because of our need for sleep. On Saturday everyone split up. Katy went home, Jamie tried to find a cave trip (at which he was highly unsuccessful), Dave went to the business meeting and fell asleep, and Vicki hopped on the back of some guy's motorcycle not to be seen again until Sunday at noon. We were successful in acquiring the rights to hold the Fall VAR. For some strange reason nobody else wanted to hold it. At least we can assure everyone that there will be a lot more trips in the fall, and a lot of the same general looniness that accompanies every meeting of cavers.

--David DeLand



All right all you Cave Crazies and Grotto Groupies out there, in order to show you the intellectual side of caving and give you practice puzzling so that you will be able to decipher maze caves, journal misspellings, Mike's directions to caves and other difficulties, we are officially introducing **CROSSED CAVERNS**, the official crossword puzzle of the internationally unknown publication you are presently perusing.

ACROSS

1. Standard light source (two words)
7. Winged caver
9. Domain
10. What most JMU cavers do instead of cave
13. 2.14
14. Spanish word for blue
16. Fall Ball location
18. A way to make your knees feel like hamburger
19. Part of 1 across
20. What all Texans' should remember
22. A homonym for billed
23. The way you don't go when you get to Brandywine
24. A well-liked, laid back MUSG caver/climber (first name)
26. Some caves require his permission
28. A slang term for intercourse
30. Goon Rocks were named after _____ (last name)

34. An infinitive
36. Something you helmet fits nicely on top of
37. A 135 foot pit with a back entrance--near Blacksburg
39. A hard 5.10 face climb at Seneca Rocks or paratroopers jump when they are over it.

DOWN

1. A hole that brings us all together
2. The home of the tortuous s-survey
3. Standard shape of a survey station
4. Name of a famous MUSG caving vehicle
5. Friend of myself and I
6. Cave God with the sign of the horse
7. Name of a climb at Chimney Rocks
8. For when your tip gets clogged
11. Slang contraction
15. Gets between knees and knee pads
17. MUSG secondary activity
21. Climbing necessity (two words)
25. Something to avoid when caving or climbing
27. A number following 60
29. Time when Gary Cooper gets high
31. A term describing cave mud
32. A state you'd never go to to cave or climb
33. Tennis term

Spring Fling

From April 16 to the 18 Lockridge Aqua Campground was filled with members of MUSG and various other grottos for our annual Spring Fling. People kept showing up throughout the night and into the next morning. The person most loved on Friday night was Paul Clifford who brought the keg which was promptly emptied. The entire weekend was filled with cave trips ranging from beginners trips to Breathing and Marshall's Caves to the swim that Mike Artz, Kelley Price, Art Kohn, Dave DeLand, and Tom Allen took into Lockridge Aqua Cave. Overall, the weekend was a great success and everyone had a good time.

--David DeLand

MIKE GROWS A BEARD -by Dave Deland

This is the fourth in a series of ninety-six articles exposing the true story behind the events leading to the friendship between Mike Artz and Bruce Beard.

As we left off in Chapter two (as Chapter three was irrelevant to the story) Bruce was playing basketball in the parking lot of the Ninth Methodist Church in Hudson's Crossroads, VA. After the first half the score was Bruce 0, Basket 6. The basket was playing a tough game and kept immense defensive pressure on Bruce. In fact, Bruce got in only two shots during the entire first half. Bruce decided to change his offense for the second half to offset the awesome zone defense played by the basket. Bruce's new offense was fairly complex, he stood in front of the basket instead of behind it.

On Bruce's second shot, his fourth overall, the ball sailed over the basket and rolled into a sewer pipe. Bruce, knowing that the Salvation Army was out of basketballs, decided to go after it. As he crawled through the entrance, he discovered that it developed into large trunk passage. He followed the trail of the basketball into a large room. Bruce found his basketball near the far end of the room between two large breakdown blocks. As he started out, he heard a faint squeak which sounded like a bat. As he searched the room for the source of the sound he discovered that the noise was coming from a banjo player hanging by his feet from the ceiling.

Bruce approached the creature cautiously. The beadie little eyes and the furry mustache made the creature look more like a rat than a bat. But what kind of rat hangs from the ceiling of caves upside down? Bruce decided to ask it.

"What kind of rat are you?"

"I'm a Mike rat," said the thing hanging from the ceiling.

"What is a Mike rat?" said Bruce.

"A Mike rat is a thing that hangs upside down in a cave all day and plays his banjo."

"Oh!" said the bewildered basketball player.

The rat-bat hooked his rack, which was attached to his seat harness, onto a rope, which wasn't attached to anything, and tried to rappel to the floor. Bruce helped the creature onto his feet where they held the formal introductions.

"Hi, I'm Bruce Beard, All-American basketball player and future gas station attendant."

"And I'm Mike Artz, bum."

And with that the friendship was begun. Mike talked Bruce into hanging from the ceiling of caves by his feet, but Bruce never got use to that much blood running into his brain. In return, Bruce taught Mike how to rock climb, but Mike still hasn't caught on as evidenced by his broken foot.

Stay tuned for Chapter 8 in which Mike and Bruce start a journal to let everyone know how great their trips are.

BLUESTONE BOULDERING AND THE ASHBY ASCENT

It was a Monday and I had been studying all day. I was pretty tired mentally, but not physically. Then an idea popped into my head; try climbing a bluestone building--Ashby Dorm. Blaise Barry lived there so I gave him a call and said I'd be over at 5:30. Kelley Price and I went there and started climbing up the side without a rope (buildering, bouldering, or bluestoning, or whatever you want to call it!). Blaise lives in the third floor, a good climb, however a person would need a rope in case of a fall. Kelley and Blaise twisted my arm (which incidentally wasn't too hard) to rig a rope from his window. I hesitated because I didn't want to get caught by security. Well I rigged the rope and rappelled down, then Blaise (with a cast on his foot) rappelled down. The RA walked in and said he didn't see anything but wanted to try and rappel down too. He put on a disguise so no one would know who he was. I rigged him in and gave him instructions on how to rappel. Considering it was his first rappel, he did it like an ace. He checked the handbook to see if there was any rule against rappelling off the side of a dorm. There wasn't. They weren't quite ready for us when they wrote the handbook.

Kelley tied in and started climbing the wall. The people watching were wondering what we were doing. Kelley did well, making it almost to the second story window. Then Vicki let her down and I tied in. After peeling off once or twice I made it about 3 feet from the third story window before I fell. After that I was pretty pooped and asked Vicki to let me down. I plan on going back to finish that climb because to the best of my knowledge, that will be the first ascent of Ashby!

Note: When I rappelled out of the third story window I passed the second story window and saw somebody shake their head and say "I'll never touch another drop!"

--Gary Rodgers

BAD AIR

The mud on the floor is very deep
in the bottom of the cave;
but the mud cannot dampen
the smell of the farts
proceeding from Mike Artz

ACCELERATION ANTICIPATION

The first lead of the year is always a tough one and this is no different. I considered myself to be a solid 5.8 climber and have even led a couple of 5.9's. But it is February. I am out of shape, ten pounds overweight, haven't led a pitch in over three months, and have only climbed twice over the same period of time.

Now I find myself 200 feet off the ground, six feet over my last chock placement, halfway up the second pitch of a 5.7 called "Soler"--tired; just plain afraid.

Falling won't kill me. I know that. The rope is strong, my knots are tied correctly, and my climbing partner is a competent belayer. And my last piece of pro is in solid; I'll go about fifteen feet. Straight down the wall, feet in front of me to absorb the shock as the rope catches me and swings me back into the fall. And in case I do fall funny, I'm wearing a helmet. But my imagination is overactive. I can see myself scraping down along the rock, slicing my leg as I foul myself in the runner and getting swung backwards into the rock. I don't need fear of death to be afraid; pain is enough.

But I am afraid of dying too. Acrophobia is prevalent in all of us, bred into us from the time we were half-ape. Those who swung too daringly from tree to tree, who played too freely on or above cliffs, died, leaving the cautious to breed. Until we became a race of acrophobiacs. There are two types of men who climb: Acavists, who are free of this fear; and rationalists, who wish to overcome it. Ropes make it safe, they tell themselves; fully aware of the origin of man's fear of rope he associates it with hangings.

Besides, my imagination is capable of bucking huge odds. Handholds break off, footholds disintegrate, webbing slices, chocks slip, knots mysteriously unravel and ropes burst asunder as the stress finds undetected flaws in the making. And I fall, scrape, bounce, and smash until at last I create an impression on the earth to behold. People will point it out to one another for a week.

"You've got an audience," Kris yells up from below. "Do something impressive!"

Instead I turn and look below. (For while the moves directly above and below me are difficult, right now I am stable, comfortably perched on a three-inch wide ledge.) Down in the valley three hikers, a young couple and a small boy have stopped to watch me. Why? What interests them in a white-sweatered, blue-legged speck on the rock face? Do they want to see me climb or are they hoping I will fall. A lady fell and died on this cliff just last weekend. Is that what brought them here? Morbid curiosity.

The boy waves, Do I see or only sense his smile? Reassured at least of his motives, I smile and wave back. The father returns my wave; the mother does not. Perhaps she disapproves of my foolhardiness. Mothers, don't let your sons grow up to be climbers.

Rested and relaxed, I reexamine the rock. There are no real handholds in front of me. But the ledge I'm standing on slants up and right toward holds. Just how good they are, I can't really tell. Getting to them is tricky. I spread my arms wide along the face, and press down against the rock as I step up, sliding hands and feet along the rock. The balance is tenuous. If I don't push hard enough with my hands I can't step; if I push too hard I will topple backwards off the ledge. The ledge is getting thinner. The first handhold is inches away. I'm very nervous. Got it. Whey.

"Hey Kris. There ain't anything on this climb harder than that traverse, is there?" I shout down my question. "No, but there is stuff equally hard," He returns. "Nothing harder than 5.7, but a lot of 5.7 moves."

I shouldn't fall on a 5.7 climb. Even out of shape, it is well within my capabilities. But I can fall if I make a mistake: miss a key hold, get off route, or screw up the sequence of moves. If I let my fear get control of me to the extent that I'm too busy thinking about falling to concentrate on climbing, a mistake becomes even more likely. Lead climbing can become an inner war between the rational and irrational mind. If I concentrate, If I move confidently, I'm not likely to fall. But after a long winter lay-off, self-control is difficult.

I place a chock in a vertical crack and attach my last runner to it. Now if I fall, it won't be quite as far. But I still have a lot of climbing to do and I am running low on protection. I've been overusing it. Now being too cautious on the first half of the pitch will make the second half more dangerous.

As I move more cautiously up the gace. I grow increasingly nervous. I know I'm not climbing as well as I should be. That worries me, which makes me climb worse, which worries me even more. A vicious circle. I have to get a hold of myself.

I continue up the face, milking the small cracks, ledges and inconsistencies in the rock for every hold I can get. I am improvising my protection system, using a wired stopper in place of a runner, and recycling my only two good remaining pieces of protection. I put in one, move up, place the other, reach down and remove the first and replace it above the second. It is not a good idea for standard practice; if I fall and my first piece pulls I'll take a real zinger, but I have no choice.

I can hear voices above. I'm maybe fifteen feet from the top. But I have to move around a corner to my left before I can continue up. I can't see what is there but the guidebook said to go left when the crack system petered out, and it is petering. I am now about 250 feet off the ground, 120 feet from Kris. I can't see

him, but I know he's on the other end of the rope, feeding me slack, ready to catch me if I fall. The rope drag is bad, but that is not Kris' fault. It is mine, for using too much pro.

I move slowly around the corner. The holds are thin but adequate. Above me is a huge ledge, if I can just get to it. I step cautiously up, reach up...got it. I pull myself up and I'm eight easy feet from the top. Up I go.

Once I'm on the summit I set up a belay and bring Kris up. Taking up the slack by feel is second nature, so I have time to reflect upon the climb. Victory or defeat? I finished the climb; I did not fall. Yet I did not climb well. I was apprehensive, hesitant and jerky. My balance, strength, timing and psychology were underpar. But completing a climb when one is climbing poorly is in itself a victory, so I am not totally despondent. My first hurdle is crossed; I look forward to a successful climbing season. By the time Kris appears at the lip, I am smiling. "Great pitch, huh?"

--Bruce Beard

Calender of Events 1982

April 16-18
24-26

Spring Fling
Spring VAR
at Abingdon, VA

July 3-5

Roppel trip

Sept 2-6
10-12

Old Timer's Reunion
Pig Roast

Dec. 4

Christmas Banquet

ARTICLES OF INTEREST

Salutations to all the graduates at JMU who were members of MUSG. We'll miss you Bob Ebaugh, Blaise Barry, Katy Kahle, Barb Hoffman, Paul Clifford, Gary Rodgers, and any others I neglected to mention.

At the spring VAR we made a bid for the fall 82 VAR meeting. This will occur sometime in October and will be held at Thorn Springs Campground, Shenandoah Caverns, or Endless Caverns. Look for more in the July issue of the journal.

An increase in dues was passed at a recent MUSG meeting this spring. Dues will be \$5 per semester, or \$10 per year. Dues can be paid to treasurer Dave DeLand beginning July 1st (his address is 6542 Bellevue Dr. Columbia, MD 21046). Also a motion is in the making to propose a decrease in annual dues from \$10 to \$8 in order to encourage prepayment of annual dues. This will be brought up at the first fall semester meeting. Also it appears that we aren't the only club to raise our dues. The D.C. Grotto, the Potomac Spelological Club, and the NSS have raised their dues substantially.

Preregistration forms for Old Timers Reunion are now available from the club library for the Robertson Association members (chairman has the library for the summer). You can save \$1 if you preregister. If you aren't a TRA member you can still register early. OTR is an experience you won't forget and will never miss again once you have gone. OTR takes place over Labor Day weekend at Alpine Shores in W.Va. and some members of the club will be attending so rides will be available.

Pig Roast Reunion (PPR) will be held at Mike Artz's farm in Woodstock, VA over the weekend of September 10-12. New activities will include vertical contests, an obstacle course, and inner-tubing. Also the old activities such as caving, rock climbing, swimming, skiing, the sauna, beer guzzling, lotsa roasted pig, and a great time had by all will be held. Costs to attend will be announced in the July issue of the journal. Ya'll better be there!

This fall we will be electing a new librarian/secretarian for the club. A big thanx to Vicki Liddle for assuming the position for as long as she has had it and we'll miss her when she's gone.

DISAPPOINTMENT IN ROPPEL

By six P.M. on July 2, 1982, Hank Brandenburg and I had picked Bruce Beard up in Silver Spring, Maryland and we were on our way to Cave City, Kentucky. After stopping in Cumberland, Maryland, to pick up John Rosenfeld, we were soon talking about long cave trips and lots of virgin passage.

The next morning we arrived at the CKKC Fieldhouse and woke up Jim Borden, Roberta Swicegood, and Pete Crecelius. After breakfast we began to get our gear together for a long trip.

There were many alternatives for us to choose among for our trip. Pete was going out the P-survey to the BWOB and Jim and Roberta were going to the Canal Zone near P-128. John, Hank and I decided to go out Flint Ridge Special: a low Chert crawlway taking off of the bottom of the rift. Unbelievably, all of the trips were going to survey into virgin passage.

Bruce decided to go with Pete and was in the cave by 11:00 A.M. By 1:00 P.M., our trip was at the Weller Entrance and we were ready to go! I had never been in the Weller Entrance but had helped in the digging last summer. It was nice that we didn't have to go through the S-survey, in fact it was lovely! We were in walking passage in Kangaroo Trail within 15 minutes and in less than half an hour we were at Pirate's Pot.

From Pirate's Pot I was familiar with the passage and we were soon at Arlie Way. I had promised John and Hank that we would be in trunk passage a lot of the way and when we reached Arlie Way they were overjoyed. They were even more ecstatic through Yahoo Avenue. John was going crazy! Hank was beginning to show the effects of the drive down and wasn't saying too much. By the time we reached the beginning of the X-survey near the rift we were all tired and after being in the cave for 3 hours we slept for 1½. All of us felt better and after rappelling to the bottom of the rift, we were off to look for the Z-survey which leads to Flint Ridge Special.

Off to the left of the large trunk passage at the bottom of the rift was a breakdown-filled crawlway which was blowing air. The Z-survey!

It was a pleasant crawlway even though it was filled with chert. But it alternated between crawling and walking passage and gave some relief to our aching knees.

Soon we were in a low crawlway called the ZD-survey which was blowing lots of air and appeared to be an overflow tube. Shortly we were belly-crawling on chert (nasty!) and Hank was getting sicker and sicker. Near ZD-75 he vomited and it was about this time that John noticed that his compasses were missing! He had put them in his pocket and the velcro must have opened up. Morale was low at this point and we turned back to crawl out this disgustingly agonizing crawlway.

The trip out was slow and filled with many rest stops. Hank had trouble keeping up and John was having trouble lugging his pack through the narrow canyons. Eventually we slowed down to a snail's pace and after 19 hours we exited the Weller Entrance.

The Flint Ridge Special has tremendous potential and personally, I will be back to that area of the cave. Hmm. Maybe real soon!

Mike Artz

CAVE TRIPS

<u>DATE</u>	<u>CAVE</u>	<u>HRS</u>	<u>COMMENTS</u>
1/24	Just	15	Dave DeLand, Kris Kline, Kelley Price, & Susan Shaw - a mistake of a trip - too icy.
1/24- 1/25	Just Entrance	2 1/2	Bruce Beard, Jaime Reep. 8 hrs. driving to and from Just over icy roads to rescue Dave & Kelley. A valuable learning experience but a pain in the ass.
1/24	3-D Maze	3 1/2	Patti Barnes, Dave Jensen, Leslie Madden, Michael Balenger. Mike's first lead, Dave's first cave. Lots of rubble few nice climbs. I enjoyed it and want to go again. D.J.
1/24	Sites Cave		Gary S. Rodgers, Blaise Barry, Bob Ebaugh. Did the 190 ft. drop. Explored the whole cave. We found no new leads. We had fun sliding down the snowy hill after we came out.